2d.

A PROLOGUE

In the Opera call'd Camilla. *Written and spoke by Mr.* Cibber *at the Theatre Royal in* Drury-Lane, July *the* 5*th* 1706.

10. July. 1706.

While frowning *Mars* our smiling Isle surrounds,
While *British* Arms give wild Ambition Bounds,
And *France* the Forts she stole in Peace, in War refunds;
While Kings relie on *English* Swords alone
To cut the wastful Passage to their Throne,
While ruin'd Families distressful weep
To see their Foes their hopeful Harvest reap;
While Foreign Beauties fly from Fort to Fort,
And as our Camps advance remove their Court,
Calm *Britain* safe beneath Her Sovereign's Wings,
At distance conquers, while at home She sings.
Whatever Discords may Her Foes annoy,
Her Sleep's unbroke, She's Peace and Harmony,
Secure against the Frauds of *France* or *Rome*,
In Hands with Heads abroad, and Ministers at home.
So sends the Sun his distant genial Force
In Flames unwasting, while himself's the Source.
Yet tho' thus blest we seem some Angel's Care,
We're subject still to one intestine Fear;
Our Hearts invincible to martial Arms,
Have no Defence at home 'gainst Beauty's Charms;
No Fierceness there, or Freedom can you boast
By Musick softned, while you gaze you're lost.
Nay, ev'n our conqu'ring Heroes must admit,
While thus the Fair in radiant Circles sit,
They're safer in the Trenches than the Pit;
For they themselves have prov'd there lies
Less Danger in the Swords of *France* than *English* Eyes.

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